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AND

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1804.

The Happy Shipwreck:

A TALE.

'WRETCHED object of my sighs and tears! O my child, how I pity thee! Alas! what will be thy hapless fate? We shall die in this savage place! O rigorous Heaven! let me not see my child expire. Since I must die, let me die, at least, before him. O keep from a fond mother the heart-breaking cries of her son!' Thus the unfortunate Julia, weeping, and watching her poor babe sleeping in his cradle; thus the unfortunate Julia expressed her anguish.

She looks around. Alas! nothing appears but the humiliating sequels of her misfortune—naked walls, in a wretched hovel, almost without furniture: her beautiful hair, once adorned with flowers, now hangs dishevelled on her shoulders. Her countenance, in which the laughing graces were wont to play, is all bathed in tears. She deplores her melancholy fate. Now she accuses her father, now her husband, and now all nature. Then, fixing an eye of mingled anguish and pity on her babe, she sits, and sighs, and looks—in all the pensive acquiescence of woe.

Julius awakes, and, smiling on his mother, stretches his little arms towards her. He clings to her neck, caresses her and asks her for bread.—'O my child,' said the weeping mother, kissing him with unutterable sensations of mingled love and grief, 'O my child, wait a little. Your father will soon bring some, the earnings of excessive labour, and we will divide his bread of misery together.'

At length Dorival returns, exhausted with fatigue. He puts some coarse provision on the table. He sees his smiling boy and the sighing Julia. He sits down—he covers his face with his hands—he weeps—he cannot speak—

This wretched pair, passionately in love with each other, had been unable to procure the consent of Wastein, the father of Julia. In a moment of passion and imprudence, Dorival had dared to carry her off.

Five years had these hapless lovers wandered from place to place, flying from the resentment of an irritated father, with the unhappy fruit of their clandestine marriage. At length, they embarked for America. The vessel in which they sailed was shipwrecked; but, by the assistance of a fishing-boat, they were saved, and landed on an island almost unknown.

Here they had remained about a month. Dorival had entered to the service of a planter, named Palemon, who resided on the island. Every day he laboured in the sultry clime, and in the evening returned to find Julia and his boy in their cottage. There they wept over their unhappy lot. The good old planter would often come to sooth their griefs. He would relieve them and bid them hope for happier days.

Nine years did Dorival live on this island, by the labour of his hands, and the bounties of Palemon. Not a day passed, but this good man did some kind office to lessen the grief that preyed upon them.

Julius was now fifteen years old. Palemon had a daughter of the same age, named Lucilia. Soon was it perceived that the young folks could not live asunder. Already they felt a certain sweet compulsion, that led them to see and to speak to each other every day—every moment.

Julius, in the plainest dress, had all the winning attractions of youth, as if Nature herself had taken care to adorn him. His flowing ringlets are negligently tied behind by a ribband, which Lucilia had given him. His eyes sparkled with a vivacity tempered with benignity and sweetness. When he smiles, he displays two beautiful rows of ivory, and on his animated cheeks sit the sprightly train of Love. His open countenance, which yet had never blushed, bears the sacred image of innocence. A natural and affecting mien enlivens his conversation. An innate obligingness of disposition, an eagerness to anticipate every wish, his youth, his graceful person,—every thing in Julius seems alike formed to delight and to charm.

And Lucilia in the dress of a country maid is also beautiful as the Graces, and blooming as the rose with which Julius adorns her bosom. Her fine eyes never appear so charming as when tenderly fixed on Julius, nor moves she with such alacrity, as when she runs after him in innocent playfulness and gaiety

Palemon perceives their growing passion with delight. One day he thus speaks to Lucilia: 'You love Julius. I observe it with pleasure. Fortune has not been kind to him. He is not rich; but his good qualities are in themselves a treasure. Never, my dear daughter, will I be like those barbarians, who sacrifice the felicity of their children to the sordid views of interest. The example of the unfortunate Julia is two striking not to confirm me in these principles. No, my child, never will I reduce thee to the deplorable situation of detesting mar-

riage and its relations. Be discreet, and continue to love Julius. He merits your affection. I love you both, and you shall be each my children. O my daughter! I have no wish, but for your happiness, and my fondest hope is, to see you united to Julius, under the auspices of a tender passion.

Lucilia thanks her father, and hastening to her lover, relates all that had passed. 'Yes, Julius,' said she, 'Palemon loves us. This good parent—how he weeps with tenderness whenever he speaks of you! He loves you as if you were his own son. He pities the situaton of your parents. He would fain see you all happy. How charming is it, my dear friend, to meet with such a man to sooth one in adversity!'—'Ah Lucilia,' answered Julius, 'could you but know the respect with which my parents inspire me for your excellent father! The moment my mother perceives him coming towards our hut, 'O my son,' says she, 'behold our benefactor. Entreat Heaven to bless him.' When he enters, I fly into his arms. And then he embraces me so tenderly! My dear Lucilia, how delightful it is thus often to see one's benefactor!' Thus Julius and Lucilia were mutually delighted, and in their innocent transports they embraced each other, repeating often these endearing conversations.

Although the two lovers were now inseparable, it gave no uneasiness to their parents, for innocence presided over every word and every action. Friendship, rather than love, brought them together, sometimes in a shady wood, sometimes on the flowery margin of a brook, and sometimes on the sea-shore. The warbling of the birds, the murmuring of the water, which with difficulty seems to force its way through a rocky channel; or the tempestuous roaring of the waves;—these are the objects that attract their attention,—these their only pleasures.

In the mean time, Julia, far exiled from her father, and oppressed with the weight of his hatred, incessantly wept over her flight and her unhappy fault. Dorival endeavoured to console her. 'Julia,' said he, 'my dear Julia, weep no more. Heaven, which witnesses your grief, has already pardoned you. Your father, whom interest and severity have deprived of his daughter, already, without doubt, laments you. Yes! he demands you again of every object that surrounds him. He reproaches himself with his severity, and pities us.'—'My dear husband,' answered Julia, 'suffer me, to regret a father who would have ever loved me but for that fatal passion. Alas! perhaps he is no more, and I hurried him to his grave! O my father, if you yet live, if my dying voice can yet but reach you, hear the cries of this remorse that preys upon me. Forgive a wretched daughter, who would implore that forgiveness at your feet, and would then expire with agony and shame.'

At this moment Palemon enters. 'Dorival,' resumes Julia, 'behold this venerable man. My father, if he be yet living, is now of his age.' In speaking these words, she regarded Palemon with a most affecting look;—she sighed. 'O my children, exclaims Palemon, 'I am the messenger of happiness. Live, Julia.—'What happiness?' says she, eagerly: 'Angel of joy, have you any news of my father? Does he yet live?'—Alas! my dear Julia, I know not whether he be living or dead; but, O this happiest of my days, I yet bring you joy. Fortune has at last crowned my fondest wishes. A considerable estate, which I expected not, and which without you I should not have even wished for, is fallen to me by the death of a relation whom I hardly knew. I received the account by a letter, delivered to me by a person just escaped from shipwreck. Come, and share with me the bounties of Providence. I will one day give my daughter to Julius. Henceforth we will be but one family. But what! Julia, you weep! What can be wanting to your good fortune?'—'My father'—At these words Julius enters out of breath. Lucilia, trembling, follows him.—'O, my mother!'—'What, what is the matter, my son? Speak'—'I was on the shore with Lucilia, when on a sudden the most mournful accents seemed to come from the neighbouring wood. We listened. An unfortunate man was invoking death. I went to him—but, oh! what a sight! I saw an old man, as venerable as my father Palemon, stretched on the ground without strength, pale as death, and perhaps already dead. I started back affrighted. Lucilia wept behind me. He called me to him, held out his hand, and, with a voice so tender and so moving,—said, 'Give me, if possible, some assistance, to delay, for a few moments, the frightful death that awaits me.'

'Some unhappy man,' says Palemon, 'let us hasten to his assistance.' Julia was fixed immoveable at this recital. 'An old man!' she exclaimed; 'perhaps it is my father: I sink under my alarms?'

They leave the cottage—they arrive—the old man is beseeching Heaven to restore his daughter. 'Julia,' said he, 'if yet your hand could close my eyes, if you could but know, that dying I forgive you, I should expire contented.'—'She is restored to you, my father!'—'Julia! my daughter! and Dorival! O young man! their son too and mine! My children, embrace your father. He yet lives—to forgive you.'

Palemon, who stood by during this affecting scene, the hand of Lucilia, weeping, in his, blessed Heaven for this happy adventure. He raised the father and his children. 'Come,' said he, 'come to my habitation. Happiness will now be ours.'—'Generous man!' answered Wastein, 'what a port you offer me after tempest and shipwreck. The desire of riches had rendered my heart insensible, and has caused all the misfortunes in which I and my children have been involved. The thirst of gold led me to trust my whole fortune on the fickle ocean. I have lost my all! What do I say? I have found my all, since I can now embrace my children. O excellent man! I receive them from your hands, and you will still be their father. How shall I return such an obligation—by what fervent wishes recompence this goodness?—'Your happiness, and that of your family,' said Palemon, 'will be my sweetest reward.'

Wastein, supported by Julia and Dorival, and Palemon leading Julius and Lucilia, now arrive at the cottage. Dorival enters the first, and receiving his father at the entrance of the hut: 'Welcome, Sir,' says he, 'to the asylum of your children.' Nine years already have they here deplored their crime. You have forgiven them. This abode of sorrow will henceforth be that of joy.'

The two families, who from this moment made but one, lived together in sweet tranquility. Two years after, love crowned the virtues of Julius and Lucilia with the first of blessings—their happy union. They were married under the auspices of their venerable parents, who gave them their paternal benediction, and had yet the happiness, before they died, of embracing a lovely offspring, rising round, and mingling both their graces.

Advice should fall as the dew, not overwhelm as the shower.

Arabian Anecdotes.

GENEROSITY.

ON a rainy day the Caliph Almotasem happened, as he was riding, to wander from his attendants. While he was thus alone, he found an old man, whose ass, laden with faggots, had just cast his burden, and was mired in a slough. As the old man was standing in a state of perplexity, the Caliph quitted his horse, and went to helping up the ass. 'In the name of my father and my mother, I beseech thee,' says the old man, 'do not spoil thy cloaths.' 'That is nothing to thee,' replied the Caliph, who, after having helped up the ass, replaced the faggots, and, washing his hands, got again upon his horse, the old man in the mean time crying out, 'Oh youth may God reward thee!' Soon after this the Caliph's company overtook him, whom he generously commanded to present the old man with a noble largess of gold.

Resentment.] The Grecian Emperors used to pay the Caliphs a tribute. This the Emperor Nicephorus would pay no longer; and not only that, but requiring the Caliph in a haughty manner to refund all he had received, added that, if he refused, the sword should decide the controversy. The Caliph had no sooner read the letter, than inflamed with rage he inscribes upon the back of it the following answer:

'In the name of the most merciful God: from Harun, prince of the faithful, to Nicephorus, dog of the Romans: I have read thy epistle, thou son of an unbelieving mother: to which, what thou shalt behold, and not what thou shalt hear, shall serve for an answer.'

He immediately upon the very day decamped; marched as far as Heraclina, and, filling all things with rapine and slaughter, extorted from Nicephorus the performance of his contract.

Magnanimity.] In the middle of the third century after Mahomet, one Jacub, from being orignally a brazier, had made himself master of some fine provinces, which he governed at will, though professing (like the Eastern governors of latter times) a seeming deference to his proper sovereign.

The Caliph, not satisfied with this apparent submission, sent a legate to persuade him into a more perfect obedience. Jacub, who was then ill, sent for the Legate into his presence, and there shewed him three things, which he had prepared for his inspection; a sword, some black barley bread, and a bundle of onions. He then informed the Legate, that, should he die of his present disorder, the Caliph in such case would find no father trouble. But, if the contrary should happen, there could be then no arbitrator to decide between them, excepting that, pointing to the sword. He added, that, if fortune should prove adverse, should he be conquered by the Caliph, and stripped of his possessons, he was then resolved to return to his ancient frugality, pointing to the black-bread and the bundle of onions.

Munificence.] The celebrated Almamum being once at Damascus, and in great want of money, he complained of it to his brother Mattasem. His brother assured him he should have money in a few days, and sent immediately for thirty thousand pieces of gold from the revenues of those provinces, which he governed in the name of his brother. When the money arrived, brought by the royal beasts of burden, Almamum invited Jahia the son of Actam, one of his favourites, to attend him on horseback, and view what was brought. They went accordingly, and beheld the treasure arranged in the finest order, and the camels too, which had brought it, richly decorated, The prince admired both the quantity of the money, and the elegance of the show; and, as his courtiers looked on with no less admiration, 'he bid them be of good cheer.' Then turning about to Jahia· 'O! Abu Mohammed,' says he, 'we should be sordid indeed, were we to depart hence with all this money, as if it were scraped up for ourselves alone, whilst our longing friends look on to no purpose.' Calling therefore immediately for a notary, he commands him to write down for such a family so many thousands; for such a family so many; and so on, never stopping till, out of the thirty thousand pieces, he had given away twenty-four thousand, without so much as taking his foot out of the stirrup.

Magnificence.] The splendor of the Caliph Moctader, when he received the ambassador of the Greek Emperor at Bagdad, seems hardly credible. We relate it from one of their historians, precisely as we find it:

The Caliph's whole army both horse and foot were under arms, which together made a body of one hundred and sixty thousand men. His state-officers stood near him in the most splendid apparel, their belts shining with gold and gems. Near them were seven thousand Eunuchs; four thousand white, the remainder of them black. The porters or door-keepers were in number seven hundred. Barges and boats with the most superb decoration were swimming on the Tigris. Nor was the palace itself less splendid, in which were hung up thirty-eight thousand pieces of tapestry; twelve thousand five hundred of which were of silk, embroidered with gold. The carpets on the floor were twenty-two thousand. An hundred lions were brought out, with a keeper to each lion.

Among the other spectacles of rare and stupendous luxury, was a tree of gold and silver, which opened itself into eighteen larger branches, upon which, and the other less branches, sat birds of every sort, made also of gold and silver. The tree glittered with leaves of the same metals, and, while its branches through machinery appeared to move of themselves, the several birds upon them warbled their proper and natural notes.

When the Greek ambassador was introduced to the Caliph, he was led by the visir through all this magnificence.

But besides magnificence of this kind, which was at best but temporary; the Caliph gave instances of grandeur more permanent. Some of them provided public buildings for the reception of travellers; supplied the roads with wells and watering places; measured out the distances by columns of stone, and established posts and couriers. Others repaired old temples, or built magnificent new ones. The provision of snow (which in hot countries is almost a necessary) was not forgotten. Add to this forums, or public places for merchants to assemble; infirmaries; observatories, with proper instruments, for the use of astronomers; libraries, schools and colleges for students; together with societies instituted for philosophical inquiry.

In the account of the Escurial Arabic manuscripts lately given by the learned Casira, it appears that the public libraries in Spain, when under the Arabian princes, were no fewer than seventy: a noble help this to literature, when copies of books were so rare and expensive.

IF enthusiasm did not add an imaginary value to most of the objects of our pursuit, if fancy did not give them their brightest colouring, they would generally, perhaps, wear an appearance too contemptible to excite desire.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

JUVENIS SERENUS.—No. III.

Come cheering season, charming spring,
With sweet reflection on thy wing;
And may my heart, with grateful praise
To GOD, anticipate thy rays.

IT has ever been my delightful employment 'to note the seasons as they roll along;'—whilst it affords a source of intellectual entertainment, it reminds me that time is on the wing, and prompts me to consider the goodness of the great PARENT of Nature who, notwithstanding my remissness in attending to the end for which I was created, still lengthens out the thread of my unprofitable life.

What forcible reproof will the return of spring bring with it to those, who on a review of their past lives, have no pleasing incident to remark—no happy circumstance which they can remember with sentiments of gratitude to heaven—and which they can contemplate a recurrence to with satisfaction, when the spring and summer of life shall have passed away, and the succeeding autumn given place to the wintry season of old age—which they can dwell upon with delight when death shall stand ready to pluck the last remaining leaf of their existence:—dreary indeed must be the situation of the soul, if at that period the beams of divine love do not shine in upon it.

Spring is the season of blossoms, which gives us the pleasing hope of succeeding fruit,—this conveys to the thinking mind a very striking idea:—youth has been justly compared to this promising season—it is when the buds of understanding begin to expand their leaves, and the heart is susceptible of the tenderest emotions, that we should look up to the SOURCE of every blessing, for the gift of those graces which shall bear us through the perplexities which it may be our lot afterwards to encounter.—All creation points us to its BENEFACTOR; why then should we hesitate to accept those pleasures which are an antepast of what shall be the portion of the virtuous, in that world where years perennial never cease to roll, where time eludes the power of computation, and seasons know no change.

Youth is the proper time to acquire a rich fund of sweets, which will serve us at that period of life, when we shall be able to hold the balances and determine the preponderating superiority of virtuous principles;—then we may anticipate with cheering sensations, the full fruition of that which on earth, constitutes but in part, the felicity of our souls; and, happy in the reflection on a life well spent, at the summons of OMNIPOTENCE, resign our breath with serenity.

O THOU! who mak'st the seasons roll,
With love divine, expand my soul;
May I, as time shall pass away,
Still look to THEE great SOURCE OF DAY.

SERENUS.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

TO THE SCRIBLER.

SIR,

IN your last number, you have happily hit on a subject which is continually in my mind; for, altho' I am not too old, yet I am very sensible sir, I am not too young to be married; but there is one circumstance against me, it is, sir, the *smallness* of my stature; this induces the gentlemen often to mistake me for a *child*, and not unfrequently, in the gay circle of flattering civilities, am I passed unheeded by, or noticed only as a *pretty little miss*, and the rising blush of indignation at such *in*-civilities, is called by the eloquent beau the 'expanding roses of *puerile* modesty.'—Now, Mr. Scribler, since you have said so many fine things to the men in favor of hymenial felicity, I hope, before you entirely drop the subject, you will scribble a few lines, so well adapted to the circumstances of *little* female candidates for this desirable order, that *I* may derive some advantage from the writings of PHILADELPHUS. Indeed, sir, I would not trouble you with my distresses, did I not gather, from the spirit of your last number, that you are a friend to the fair sex; and I am confident Mr. *Scott* will, with pleasure, insert any thing which will be for the benefit of his *pretty little* female readers, especially as they have an indisputable right during the present year, to make *matrimonial researches*. Your's, &c.

JEANETTE.

Little-row, Feb. 23, (Leap Year)

A FEW LINES TO THE SCRIBLER.

SIR,

WHATEVER may be my sentiments in other respects with regard to matrimony, they do not accord with you in asserting "that the *happiness of man* is intimately connected in an *union with woman.*" Taking the subject generally, my opinion is directly contrary; for I contend, that although marriage is a necessary institution, it is by no means a state wherein we can expect to enjoy much felicity. Omniscient Providence rightly foresaw, the necessity of an order of this kind; accordingly he ordained it, not only to prevent the confusion and irregularity, which would otherwise ensue, but also with a view to the happiness of mankind, as we read in the sacred writ, that God ordained marriage, that the parties contracting might be mutual *helps* and *comforts* to each other. Notwithstanding this, however, I would not venture to assert that it has answered the *desired end.* But then, perhaps you will ask, why did God as he is All-knowing, ordain any thing He knew would render his creatures unhappy?—with the same degree of propriety might it be asked, why He created man, when He knew he would fall?—The institution was received pure and undefiled, yet it has no more been preserved so, than Adam continued in his primitive state of innocence, from which he was reduced by the deception of the fiend woman.

Again—If it were not women we had to marry, there might be some hope of happiness in a married state; but from their very nature it is impossible to expect any contentment in a connection with them so near and lasting. An author, who knew well the female character, declares "that the *ordinary talent* of women is not such as is *sufficient to maintain* the conference and communication required to the support of the *conjugal* tie; nor are they endowed with *constancy of mind*, to endure the pinch of so hard a knot. Beside, it is a covenant into which we enter voluntarily; but our continuance is forced, having another dependance than that of our own will, and in a bargain contracted to other ends there happens a thousand intricacies to unravel enough to break the thread and divert the current of lively affection."

Further—you say "that he who attacks customs acts a *foolish* and *useless* part." What an absurd, ridiculous assertion!! How many customs have "*prevailed for ages*," which are the most abominable human depravity could invent? And yet to attack these, is *foolish and useless!!!* However, I agree that it is the latter to write against matrimo-

ny; for mankind seem to possess a frantic desire to enter in it.

"Like hunters, who the flying hare pursue
O'er hills and dales, thro' heat and morning dew;
Which being ta'en the quarry they despise,
Being only pleased in following that which flies."

Having made these few remarks, I will leave the subject for the present, persuaded, that you will have enough with this and the Bachelor's Description of the Isle of Matrimony, to digest for a week; by which time I shall be again prepared to answer you, provided you are disposed any longer to support your propositions. Yours, &c.

VIGILARIUS.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE SCRIBLER.—No. III.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene and be what they behold:
For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age.
Prologue to Trag. of Cato.

IN vain has much been said and written against theatrical performances; in vain has every argument, which could be brought against them, been repeatedly produced; the good sense of the majority of mankind, has always countenanced them, the great and good of every country, where ideas of virtue, and religion have been rigid even to a fault, have frequented and assisted them. It is not however, my intention, to enter into a discussion of their merits or demerits, but to confine myself, in the present number, to a few remarks on, and extracts from the tradegy of Alfonso.—If the true end of tragedy be, as is expressed in the motto, "to raise the genius and to mend the heart," I know of none better calculated for that purpose, than the one just mentioned, which is excelled by none written for this century past. Though the author has, by his former writings, infused as much poison into the hearts of youth as will require all his future exertions in the cause of morality to eradicate, yet this tragedy contains nothing in point of sentiment, at which the most rigid moralist can make exceptions. He has shown in it (in the conduct of Alfonso towards Orsino) the danger of princes giving way to suspicion, by which they are prompted, at times, to sacrifice their best friends. In the example of Cæsario, he has shown the dreadful effects of ambition and revenge. In Ottilia he has shown the consequences of women giving way to guilty passions; whose love for Cæsario prompted her to murder her husband, and whose jealousy, afterwards caused her to sacrifice Almerosa. The scene in the the first act between Ottilia and Cæsario in executed in a most masterly manner; the rage and jealousy of Ottilia is admirably contrasted with the cool cunning and flattery of Cæsario, who, by his self insinuating language and feigned repentance, banishes rage and indignation from her breast, caused by finding him inconstant to her. I regret that its length precludes its being inserted here, and part could not be given without hurting its effect.

The next scene, is as follows:—

"Almerosa, Estella, Inis, and Ladies, appear on the terrace of the palace.

"*Almerosa*—Forth, forth my friends! the morn will blush to hear
Our tardy greeting *(descending)* gently winds I pray ye,
Breathe thro' this grove; and thou all-radiant sun,
Woo not these bowers beloved with kiss too fierce.
Oh! look my ladies, how yon beauteous rose,
O'er-charg'd with dew, bends its fair head to earth,
Emblem of sorrowing virtue! *(to Inis)* would'st thou break it?
See'st not its silken leaves are stain'd with tears?
Ever my Inis, where thou find'st these traces,
Show thou most kindness and respect. I'll raise it,
And bind it gently to its neighbouring rose;
So shall it live, and still its blushing bosom
Yield the wild bee, its little love, repose.
Inis—Its love? can flowers then love?
Almerosa—Oh! what cannot?
There's nothing lives, in air, on earth, in ocean,
But lives to love! for when the great Unknown
Parted the elements, and out of chaos
Form'd this fair world with one blest blessing-word,
That word was love! Angels with golden clarions,
Prolong'd in heavenly strains the heavenly sound:
The mountain-echoes caught it; the four winds
Spread it, rejoicing, o'er the world of waters;
And since that hour, in forest or by fountain;
On hill or moor, whate'er be nature's song,
Love is her theme, love! universal love!"
Act I.

This speech of Almerosa is written in a style highly polished, and poetical; those for whom poetry has charms, will surely derive pleasure from the perusal of it.

The second act commences with a conversation between Henriquez and Cæsario, (who has secretly married the princess, and planned the destruction of her father by springing a mine in the vaults beneath the royal tower) burning with a desire to revenge the wrongs of his father; but more with a hope of possessing Alfonso's throne; and after expressing his hatred for the king, and his impatience at being obliged to conceal it, asks Henriquez how speeds their plot? who answers—

"'Tis ripe: beneath his chambers
The vaults are our's—the sleeping fire's disposed;
The mine but waits your word.
Cæsario—To-night it springs then,
And hurls my foe in burning clouds to heaven—
O! rapturous sight!
Henriquez—And can that sight give rapture
Which wrings with anguish Almerosa's bosom?
She loves her father....
Cæsario—Loves she not her husband?
Henriquez—She'll hate him when she know's it.
Cæsario—She ne'er shall know it!
All shall be held her rebel brother's deed;
And while contending passions shake the rabble,
(Grief for the sire, resentment 'gainst the son,
And pity for the princess) forth I'll step,
Avow our marriage, claim the crown her right,
And when she mounts the throne, ascend it with her.
Henriquez—Oh! she will drown that bloody throne with tears!
And should she learn who bade them flow—
Cæsario—Say on—
Henriquez—She'll loath you!
Cæsario.—(With a scornful smile)—She'll forgive me!
Henriquez—Never, never!
I know the princess; know a daughter's love,
A daughter's grief—
Cæsario—And are not daughters women?
By nature tender, trustful, kind, and fickle,
Prone to forgive, and practis'd in forgetting?
Let the fair things but rave their hour at ease,
And weep their fill, and wring their pretty hands,
Faint between whiles, and swear by every saint,
They'll never, never, never see you more!
Then, when the larum's hush'd, profess repentance,
Say a few kind false words, drop a few tears,
Force a fond kiss or two, and all's forgiven.
Away, I know the sex!!"

I know not how far the ladies will agree to this description of their nature and disposition; but certainly, if their being,

"Prone to forget, and practis'd in forgiving,"

be urged against them as a weakness, it is an amiable one, and to use the words of the the same author,

"If to forgive be sin,
How deeply then must heaven have sin'd to man!"
Act III.

In a future number I shall, probably, give a few more extracts from this tragedy, which, (to those who have not read it) will certainly afford more pleasure, than any thing my pen or abilities can produce. P.

ANECDOTE OF BONAPARTE.

WHEN the British government were in possession of Corsica, at the commencement of the war with France, Bonaparte had taken refuge in his native island, he however soon became so obnoxious to the old Corsican general Paoli, that he dreaded assassination from his

vengeance: to escape from the island at the time was impracticable, and to remain in his power certain death; and it was only from concealment he could expect safety.—A youthful companion of Bonaparte, whose family were strongly in the interest of the Brrtish, was the only person in whom he could confide; he came secretly to their castle, and requested protection.—Friendship was stronger than more prudential motives, and unknown to the family, he offered to secret him in a cellar under the house, in which fire-wood was kept. The two young friends set to work in the evening, and with their own hands a sufficient space was opened to preserve security; and that evening the conqueror of Europe took up his residence in this place, and daily fed by his friend, remained ten days concealed; until an opportunity of leaving the island presented itself, and of escaping to the continent. Soon after this event, he began his brilliant career: and now the whole world seems too little for his ambitious mind.

Several years after this circumstance occured in Corsica, Bonaparte returned to Paris; and, after conquering every thing in Italy, sprung to his present situation. In the mean time, his young Corsican protector had joined the British army, in which he is now a captain. When he heard of the high situation of his Corsican friend, an object of consequence called his attention to endeavour to renew the acquaintance, and he set out for Paris by the route of Hamburg. As a stranger he reached Paris, and obtained leave to remain a short time. Without success he made efforts to catch the eye of the consul; but, at last, when despairing of being able to make himself known, he received a personal enquiry as to his name, &c. and was told, if on such a night he came to a certain gate of the Palace, he would see the consul:—he did as he was ordered, and in a few minutes was ushered into the consul's bed-room, who was then undressing.—"My friend," says the consul, "you see me in a very different situation than I was when we last parted." To which the other had very convincing proofs to assent. He remained some time with the consul, who shewed much disposition to meet his views, and for that purpose ordered him to attend his minister Talleyrand; who likely would have answered his expectations, had not some unforeseen circumstances rendered it impracticable.

An ORIGINAL LETTER from a MODERN SAINT, to an INDIAN DOCTOR.

Hond. Sir,

AS I zee you ave afferdavids at the hend off yure bil, I shall be redy to sarve yue as chep as aney bodey in toun will du. I ave bene imploide by a grat maney Doctors to sware for hem, and I will sware wat yue plese, butt, yue must kep it a siccritt. I ham verry thinn in my bodey, and lok siccely, so as hou the Justis will beleve I ave bene cewrd. I will sware before any Justis excep Justis L——, for he found me out wanst, for swarin falsley for the Water Doctor. I will also drau up the afferdavides if yue plese, for I was bredd to fizzic myself, and no most of the turms and ard wurds. Mye prize for a Kansur is five shillins, and the sam for the Fool Dizzies, and the Kins-zevil.

Yure umble sarvant too command,
GEORGE DUPLEX.

P. S. I shant sware bye mye one name, but aney others, and mye wif will sware alsoe, iff yue want hir.

TENDER AND PATHETIC,

VIRGIL describing an Argive, remote from his friends and falling in battle, has the following lines, justly admired by the critics.

"Et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos."*

Its spirit was caught by Romme, a man of letters, and a victim of Robespierre.—While in prison, a painter attended to draw the portrait of the unfortunate bard. He sent it to his family with four lines, of which the following is as translation: though inferior to the original, it is a happier effort of eloquence, than all the republican harangues since the assassination of Louis.

Wonder not objects of my fondest care,
If these pale looks the lines of sadness wear,
For while the painter's art my features drew,
I saw the scaffold, and I thought of you.

* *A fond recollection of absent friends and his native country occupies his dying moments.*

APOTHECARY AND UNDERTAKER.

RIDING through a country village a few days ago, I was struck with a board affixed to a house, upon which was written in capitals,——*Apothecary*: but I was still more struck with its *companion*, which was placed pretty near it, with——*Undertaker*, displayed in *golden letters* of an equal magnitude.—Reflecting upon the great propriety with which these two *boards* appeared in the front of the same house, I was naturally led to think how well the owners of them might contrive to play into each other's hands.—Stimulated by a particular curiosity upon this whimsical occasion, I dismounted, walked into the shop, and purchased half an ounce of *rhubarb*, on purpose to have the pleasure of talking a little with the master of it, and of telling him how happily he was, in my opinion, situated.

"I am very glad, sir, replied he, that it appears so to you, or to any gentleman; and heartily wish that I could find the situation of my shop agreeable to me: but my neighbour's *board* so near my own, though *you* think it very judiciously placed, has, I fear, hindered me from having a great many *patients*, by deterring people from sending for me lest the Undertaker, in the same house, should follow of course. But this is my father's doing: finding trade very *dead* himself, he came and took part of *my* house, which was indeed rather too large for me, thinking that I might make business for *him*, and that we might assist each other. However, this scheme of his has not proved successful; my father's employment puts people so much in mind of *death*, that they do not care to send for *me*; apprehensive, I suppose, that *I* should *kill*, and *he* bury them!"

I could not help luaghing at the woeful countenance with which this disciple of *Esculapius* appeared when he closed his speech.—I then told him, that as I did not imagine his father buried people before they were dead, and as it was his interest to keep his patients *alive*, though not to keep them in *health*, I could not see why his connection with an Undertaker (especially as that Undertaker was his own father) should spoil his practice.

"Aye, but you are mistaken, sir, replied Mr. Prattle, eagerly; there are more people buried alive than you think of, or at least stifled at once, by being screwed down before it is certainly known whether they are dead or not. I have known astonishing things of this kind. Setting aside the old story of the woman who came home to her husband in the middle of the night, with a candle and lanthorn, when he believed her securely taking her last sleep; I can give you, upon very good authority, a very remarkable piece of information, much to the present purpose. A young woman,

having been hanged for a crime she had never committed, being taken down before she was quite dead, was carried into a surgeon's cellar to be ready for dissection. Soon after the corpse was so deposited, one of the maids of the house going down to draw some beer, was terrified to such a degree, and screamed so loudly, that her outcries brought her master down.—By *his* arrival the poor woman was saved—she had suffered the law, you know. However, this story getting abroad, and coming to the ears of a *Justice* in the neighbourhood, it frightened him in such a manner, that he immediately made his *will*, and left five guineas for the separation of his head from his body as soon as the breath was out of it.—All our great people are stripped before they are cold, tossed into a *shell*, as you would a dog into a ditch, and hurried away to an *Undertaker's;* and he *takes care* to secure a *funeral*, by fastening them up in his lead as soon as he has got them in his custody.—As for your *Jews*, it is highly probable that many of *them* are buried alive, as they are never kept above ground after sun-set."

"That's true, said I; but *Christians*, I think, by your acount, are not in a much better situation.—Yet I should imagine, that as *you* will certainly get more by living patients than dead ones, they may depend upon your not letting your father come in for his share of the business, till you have quite taken care of your own."

"True, answered he; but some people are so fanciful, that they die almost every day through the mere apprehension of dying: or else they are so superstitious, that the very sight or smell of an Undertaker will do their business as effectually as a pistol or a malignant fever.—You must be sensible, sir, that there are many persons who, in this enlightened age, look upon every thing as ominous.—Do you suppose that any man will send for *me* to give him relief, when he suspects that my father is ready to cure him completely of all his disorders, by nailing him up at once in his coffin?—And then there is no *woman* whatever will have any thing to do with me, as they all abhor *confinement:* they are sure—(I know very well what they say) that when once my father lays hold of them, they shall never escape out of his hands, and therefore they will do all they can to keep out of his clutches. Women, in general, are more wary than men; but men, I think, when they are sick, have more fears and apprehensions than women. In short, when a man advanced in years begins to be upon the decline, he frequently dwindles into a mere old woman."

"Well—replied I—if the ladies have no desire to deal with you on their own account, (as you have a *hearse* always ready at your elbow) some married ones might be induced, methinks, by that very consideration, to send for you to their husbands: and those husbands might (under the influence of similar motives) be as willing to employ you about their wives.—You cannot, therefore, fail of great practice among *married* people at least."

"Why, yes, answered he, so I might, if they were like the rest of the world; but where shall we find a wife who will be ruled by a husband, or a man who will be persuaded by his wife?—No, sir, I stand no chance of being sent for to either sex, while they are capable of making any resistance to medicines; it is only when they are at the very last gasp that they can be made to swallow the *quieting draught*. I have always, indeed, observed in my practice, that a man constantly refuses to follow the prescriptions of an Apothecary recommended by his wife, because he knows that she wishes to get rid of him as fast as she can: for the same reason, a woman most violently objects to any of the faculty proposed by her husband, as she is *sure and certain* that it is her husband's interest to silence her for ever with all decent expedition.—You see then, sir, I stand but a bad chance every way."

"Not a bit the worse chance, said I, for having an Undertaker in your house: for as every body knows that an Apothecary kills *par hazard*, we will suppose, as many as he cures, and as those who *die must* be *buried*, it is very immaterial whether *your* father, or any other man, is benefited by the funeral."

"You are right, sir, replied he; yet I dare say, that if you was taken ill you would not apply to *me* for my assistance."

"Just as soon as to any of your profession.—I am not, I confess, at all desirous of going out of the world *secundum artem*."

"No! answered he, with looks of astonishment—One of my best patients, I assure you, declares he shall not go out of the world easily, but under the hands of a regular-bred physician."

"Perhaps not, said I—but I have an equal aversion to a quack; even to the great water doctor himself; and believe, that when *Death* has a mind to make an attempt upon me, he can do it without *your* aid, or the assistance of any of your fraternity: yet, I cannot but in justice allow, that you are all both ready and willing to forward his operations with spirit. And after all, I see no reason why the *close connection* between you and your father should prevent applications to yourself in particular; for every body knows well enough, that an Apothecary is as necessarily attended by an Undertaker as a *modern marriage* is by a separation."

Philadel., *Feb'y* 25, 1804.

LITERARY REGISTER.

The following works which have been recently published, or are now printing in this city may serve to give some idea of the progress of literature in our country:—

Elegant Quarto Bible,	M. Carey.
Elegant Octavo Bible,	Mess'rs Johnsons.
Life of Washington,	C. P. Wayne.
Satires of Decimus Juvenalis,	J. Morgan.
Lorenzo de Medici,	Bronson & Chauncey.
Domestic Encyclopœdia,	Byrch & Small.
Gibbon's Roman History	Byrch & Small.
Plutarch's Lives,	Hoff & M'Laughlin.
Select British Classics,	S. F. Bradford.
Wars of the French Revolution,	Bioren & Plowman.

The above works, together with a number of others now in the press, are done and doing altogether with materials of American manufacture, and afford a specimen of improvement in the art of printing which promises to rival any displayed by European nations.

PLURALITY OF WORLDS.

Just published "A Week's Conversation on the Plurality of Worlds, by Mons. *De Fontenelle*, to which is added, Mr. Addison's Defence of the Newtonian Philosophy." This elegant little work is well worthy the attention of the female philosopher; it is written in a neat style, and calculated to answer the two-fold purpose of instruction and amusement. It may be had at the bookstore of *Wm. Duane*, Market-street, at 75 cents.

A new daily paper has made its appearance in our city during this week under the title of the Philadelphia Evening Post. It would be injustice to decide on its merits at present being in its infancy. It is conducted by Mr. W. M'Corkle—its columns are chaste, and contain much interesting matter.

MARRIED—Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Turner, Mr. *James Brice*, to Miss *Sarah Sproul*.

—— Tuesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. *Culpepper Bridges* to Miss *Sarah Clifton*.

DIED—On Saturday morning last (in child-bed) Mrs. —— *Peale*, of the Museum.

—— Monday evening last, *Edward Styles*, Esq. in the 82d year of his age.

To Correspondents.

Several communications received this week, shall be noticed according to their merits.

Correspondents are requested to be early in the transmission of their pieces.

Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

REFLECTIONS ON THE *Slave Trade.*

HOW long shall *Britain* arm'd with martial rage,
Contend for mast'ry on this equal stage?
How long in naval triumph shall she ride,
And wave her flag exulting o'er the tide?
By sea and land her treach'rous schemes are form'd,
The ocean's plunder'd and the castle storm'd;
Cities in flames, or press'd with dire blockade,
And ravaged cantons shew her odious trade:
Yet darker shades than these—disgusting view!
Display her portrait of a sabler hue.
See *Afric's* genius brooding o'er her woes,
Her arm two weak for her invading foes,
Casts a long look upon her hapless coast,
Bedrench'd with blood from many a butcher'd host:
While heaves her breast with heart-distending grief,
She rueful sits despairing of relief:
Fast o'er her wilds th' inhuman traders rove,
Collecting slaves like cattle for a drove:
Then from the *East* where *Gambia's* waters head,
O'er hill and dale the woeful band is led,
Captives in war, that makes the title good,
And *British* bawbles pay the price of blood:
Destin'd through life to drag the galling chain,
They're straightway bound, and buoy'd across the main.
Sad *Guinea* next presents a dreary scene,
There plains ensanguin'd lose their wonted green;
There *British* crews, an unrelenting scourge,
In hostile clans from anch'ring ships emerge;
Then lurking slily from the face of day,
Low couch'd in brakes the ruthless ruffians lay:
Wo to the wight whose course may thither run,
Thenceforth life's nauseous and the wretch undone.
Torn from endearments of domestic life,
From tender off-spring and a loving wife:
In grief he yields to what he can't forego,
Or welcomes death the last retreat from woe.
By hostile deeds a cargo's soon obtain'd,
A piteous groupe in loathsome dungeons chain'd:
There, hope scarce flutt'ring on her feeble wing,
Instead of baffling, serves to point the sting;
For when the mind is fraught with anxious care,
To know the worst is easier for to bear.
Nor ends it here, while thus the soul is tost,
Remembrance points to each fond pleasure lost,
Depicts each grove where they were wont to stray,
Where feast and dance beguiled the sultry day;
Or leads the mind in pensive mood and slow,
Where sinuous streams thro' blissful valleys flow:
Thus grief on grief completes th' oppressive whole,
And each reflection stings the tortur'd soul;
Long tedious days immur'd in noisome cells,
Their bosoms heave as rising sorrow swells;
Till moor'd in safety in the destin'd bay,
The sorrowing wretches are drag'd into day:
Expiring hope soon leaves the desp'rate band—
In shackles rang'd along the motley strand,
There stands the chief whose low dejected brow,
Once freedom plumed, tho' sorrows cloud it now;
In Princely pride he ruled his little realm,
As fair as GEORGE presides at *Britain's* helm;
Nor envied he the crown the christian wore,
But thank'd his gods, and lov'd his native shore.
Then where's the cause, or was it all pretence?
Ah no! he was too weak for his defence!
A crime so great that nought the wretch could save,
But yield he must, an exile and a slave!—
Thou art the salt of life, oh! freedom dear,
Who honours aught on earth, must thee revere;
And states that trembled at some tyrant's nod,
By thee eplight'ned scorn the chast'ning rod;
While slav'ry stands a monument of shame
That casts a stigma on *Britannia's* name.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

TRANSLATION
Of ADELIO's German Lines in last Repository.

HOPE.

AS does the morn's resplendent light,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
And the whole universe delight,
With the day's illustrious sight—

So when the adverse fates decree
Nothing to man but misery,
When they despair and pain impart
To the keen agonized heart—

Then does his course, *Hope's* sun from rest
Take thro' the troubled heaving breast;
Then disappears adversity,
And leaves behind felicity.

Exempt from horror is the breast,
Despair and pain sink into rest;
The sun of *Hope* affords delight,
And happiness supremely bright.

TRANSLATOR.

ORIGINAL.

IMPROMPTU, on a Young Lady's artfully sending a Handkerchief-cushion to her slovenly Lover.

A CHURLISH wife, her husband to bedeck,
Would tie a hempen halter round his neck:
But *Abigail*, with love-inspired art,
Gives a soft cushion where she gave her heart.

KASKADANDA.

PLEASURE.

SEE pleasure, with deceitful smiles
She woos the heart to taste of joy,
But, oh! avoid her syren wiles,
She smiles—yet smiles but to destroy.

Tho' chaplets do her brow adorn,
What tho' she's jocund as the spring;
Beware, there is a hidden thorn—
A thorn that will for ever sting.

Dare not the influence of her eyes;
Beware the poison of her breath;
Fly from her arms where danger lies;
Her smiles are fate—her song is death!

Lately Published,
And for sale at the Book-store of

Jacob Johnson,

NO. 147, Market-street, Philadelphia,

	dr.
THE Young Ladies Mentor, or extracts in prose and verse for the promotion of virtue and morality, by Eliza Leslie of Philadel.	62
Juvenile Miscellany, including some natural history, for the use of children, with 18 engravings	18
Mentorial Tales, for the instruction of young ladies just leaving school and entering upon the theatre of life, by Mrs. Pilkington	100
A Premium, designed as a reward for Diligence, ornamented with 18 engravings	31
A Cabinet of various Objects—a small box containing 30 engravings, with two small volumes of explanations	75
A New Spelling Alphabet for Children—a neat box in which are a number of single letters on cards, with one first book for spelling	87
Bible Stories—memorable acts of the ancient judges, patriarchs and kings, by W. Scoffield	50
Same Book in gilt binding	75
Economy of Human Life (a neat edition)	27
Same Book in fine binding	62
Road to Learning (a new edition)	31
Footsteps to the Natural History of Birds, with cuts	25
Children in the Wood, with elegant engravings	37
History of Lazy Lawrence	25
Search after Happiness, by Hannah Moore	25

A variety of other small publications, making the most valuable collection of interesting matter heretofore offered to the American youth.

J. Johnson proposes to devote most of his attention to the juvenile department of his store, with an expectation of giving satisfaction to his numerous little customers and their parents.

Ornamental Hair.

FOR sale by JOSEPH CLEMENS, No. 102, *South Second Street*, corner of *Dock Street*, an elegant assortment of Ladies Wigs, of the latest European Fashions, consisting of Helmets, Caskets, Grecian, Turban, Cecillian, Savage Crops and Rustic Wigs—made in a superior style, and on the most reasonable terms.——Orders will be thankfully received and dispatched at the shortest notice.

N. B. Wanted, two or three experienced workmen, none need apply but such as are fully acquainted with their business. ewy